NUMB. LXXV.

The Prompter.

Or I'm a Dunce — *or*, Womankind
Is a ſtrange, unintelligible, *Thing!*
I can no Texture, *or* Connexion, *find*;
Nor their looſe Parts to Method *bring*. —

I know not what the Learn'd *may ſee:*
But, — *They're ſtrange*, Hebrew *Things, to* ME! —

COWLEY.

TUESDAY, JULY 29. 1735.

A *Carding* WOMAN is a faſhionable MONSTER; too *Common* to be carried about for a *Shew*, and too *Ugly*, to bear *looking at*: Elſe, there is not, among all the *miſſhapen*, *grim*, *Animals*, which are *proclaim'd* UNNATURAL, by Sound of a Trumpet, Any thing, ſo deteſtably the *Reverſe* of what ſhe was intended for, as this *Rational Grimalkin!* this voracious, dry, *Harpy*, in *Maſquerade!* this, *half-human*, TYGER, in Petticoats!

LET Nobody tell me of the *Reſpect* that is due to *the Ladies*; — Theſe are *no Ladies*: They have renounc'd, and abandon'd, whatever is *tender*, whatever is *amiable*, in Woman: and the *Rights of the* SEX are Advantages, which *They* are too *Manniſh* to ſupport any Claim to.

I have ſtruggled ſo long to *ſuppreſs my Reſentment*, againſt theſe *Antidotes to Deſire*, that it has given me the *Heart-Burn*. — In ſhort, I can contain myſelf no longer: but am for *Executing* all ſuch incorrigible Offenders, for *High Treaſon*, againſt LOVE, and the Sex's *Hereditary Right of* DOMINION.

THE *Goths* and *Vandals*, of old, were leſs barbarous *Deſtroyers*, than theſe *Domeſtic* Subverters of Government.—They have fill'd all our Families with *Avarice*, and *Ignorance*; made Politeneſs, and Gallantry, unneceſſary Qualifications: baniſh'd Wit, and Converſation, out of *Good Company*; and, with an infamous Delight in *Contradiction*, and *Abſurdity*, ſplit our *Publick* ASSEMBLIES into *Diviſion* and *Parties*.

ALL That Sweetneſs, and Innocence, All That Gentleneſs, and winning Attraction, of Look, Voice, and Sentiment, All That Modeſty of Addreſs, and liſtening Softneſs of Good-breeding, which, when I was myſelf a Young Fellow, ſeiz'd Mens Hearts, like a *Contagion*, and made *Woman*, at once, *delightful*, and *dangerous!* — All Theſe are, at preſent, become *imaginary Ideas!* — *Our Women* have their Time ſo importantly engroſs'd, *by the Cards*, that they are not *at Leiſure*, *to charm* — They are not to be *reſiſted*, when they ſet themſelves upon *winning your Money*: But, as for your *Heart*, they enter into no Plots that concern it; They neither *give* Pleaſure, nor *receive* it, in the Way which their *Mothers* were born for: They are *chaſt*, yet *not virtuous*: For, while they *feel* no Deſire, they can never be ſaid to *reſiſt* it.— Like Girls in the *Green-Sickneſs*, who prefer *Sea-Coal*, and *Old Wall*, to the Beſt, and moſt Savoury Diſhes, They have *carded* into their Conſtitutions a Kind of *Unwiſhing Depravity*, which they are ſilly enough to ſuppoſe, may be miſtaken for *Continence*.

I profeſs not to conſider their almoſt univerſal Propenſity to *Gaming*, as productive of any further *Diſhonour*, than ſuch as is inſeparable from ſo low a *Waſte* of their *Time*: For, as to the often-urg'd *Temptations* under which it has been repreſented as capable of bringing their *Virtue*, I think, their *Perſons* may generally be *pleaded*, *in Balance* — The Sowerneſs, and Inſenſibility of Softneſs, which they gradually contract, *in Play*, from a too earneſt and virulent Indulgence of their Spleen, and Ill-nature, giving a *ſaving*, and *forbidding*, Caſt to their *Features*, which can never want *due Influence*, let Opportunity be as favourable as it pleaſes.

IN the mean Time, I pity the *Husbands*, the *Sons*, and the *Daughters*, Great Part of whoſe Happineſs, or Miſery, in Life, is to depend on the Conduct of theſe good *Chriſtians*, who, in the literal Senſe of the *Scripture Phraſe*, may be ſaid to *eat, and drink, and riſe up to play*.—As WIVES, They have Families to govern; and Husbands, to converſe with, and to pleaſe: As MOTHERS, they have Children to educate, and to qualify, by Example, and Precept: As WOMEN, they have Characters to preſerve, and adorn; — Minds, to furniſh, and ſtrengthen: — Memories to ſtore, and enliven; — and Virtues, to watch over, and exerciſe; — for the Honour and Ornament of their Race, and the Comfort, and Duties, of Society in general.

BUT, All Theſe, *without Quadrille*, are the wearifom *Encumbrances* of Life! QUADRILLE is the *Joy*, that gives it *Spirit*, and *Brightneſs!* —For This, they hurry over their *Meals*, and abridge their moſt agreeable *Refreſhments*: For This alone, they *viſit*, and *are viſited*: By This alone they *meaſure* their Enjoyments, and Felicity: letting their *Minds* lie *waſte*, and *barren*, that their *Hands* may be *fill'd with Idleneſs*.

THE Growth of ſo vicious a *Habit*, as our Womens Attachment to *Cards*, at the ſame Time that it ſhews us the prevalent Power of *Cuſtom*, ſerves, perhaps,

haps, to account for that Degeneracy, and Corruption, among MEN, which ſome have remark'd, to the Diſadvantage of our National Reputation.—— Our Youth is in the Hands of *theſe Mothers:* And the *Spartan* Example gave a Proof, beyond Queſtion, that *Nature ſtands bent, the Way*, that *Infancy is pointed.*

IN *This*, the Care, and the Wiſdom, of *Governments* is beſt diſcern'd, and moſt intereſted. — A Great, and Provident, Adminiſtration, *foreſeeing* all neceſſary ill Effects, *prevents* them, by removing their *Cauſes:* Whereas the Weakneſs of a *temporary Expediency* can but *palliate*, and *cover*, Corruption, with a Cloud of *unpolitical Remedy.* — I ſhou'd not ſcruple to charge upon the Defect of a *Miniſtry*'s Vigilance, that radical Neglect of *Correction, in due Seaſon*, whereby Cuſtoms, pernicious, and of general Bad Tendency, are allow'd to get Ground in a Nation.

IT were a fooliſh Excuſe, to ſay, with Regard to the *Vice* we are complaining of, that there are LAWS in *Force*, againſt it. I *deny it*, as a manifeſt *Falſity:* From the *Court*, to the *Cottage*, I ſee *Cards* in every Corner.—If I ſtep into a *Coffee-houſe*, The *Card-Tables* have uſurp'd the Place of *Converſe*, and *Buſineſs:* If I make one, at an *Aſſembly*, I ſee the Company divided into *Parties, at Cards*, and the very *End* of their coming *together*, made ridiculous, and uſeleſs, by their want of Taſte and Good Senſe, to ſupport *Converſation.*—If I look for the *Ladies* in their Boxes, at our Theatres, I find none of them ſo unfaſhionably employ'd; They are, All, Face to Face, at *Quadrille.* — What a Madneſs, then, to pretend, we have *Laws in full Force*, againſt a Vice in *full Practice!*

It is ridiculous to talk of *Laws*, for Prohibition of any Thing, that is not, viſibly, and univerſally, *diſcontinued* by the LAW-MAKERS.—When the People ſee *Gaming, for Money*, a Diverſion in the higheſt Repute, at the Houſes of their *Parliament Men*; it will be in vain to put 'em in mind, that it is declar'd illegal, by *Act of Parliament.*

THAT there *ought to be* ſome *ſerious Law*, not only *made*, but rigorouſly *executed*, for Reſtraint of ſo exorbitant a *Deviation*, from what *Woman* was either *meant*, or *form'd* for, will, I think, be readily confeſs'd, by Every Lover of the Sex.—Their Spirits are too volatile for *Reſt:* Take from 'em, therefore, all impertinent Attractions, and they will rather chuſe to be *well-employ'd*, than live *Idle.*

WERE want of Senſe as *infamous* as Loſs of Innocence, we ſhould, probably, *adore* thoſe Women, who, *now, teach us to deſpiſe* them.—The Husband, who finds HOME *hateful*, becauſe His Wife is either *ſullenly dumb*, or *talkatively inſipid*, wou'd, when Buſineſs forc'd him out, return, for ever, with a *Lover*'s Eagerneſs, to *Beauty*, ſtrengthen'd by *fine Taſte*, endear'd by *Softneſs*, and *Sincerity*, enrich'd with *Apprehenſion*, and *Ideas*, and made *ſparkling* by an eloquent Vivacity.

REMOVE but the CARDS, beyond the *Reach* of a Young Lady's Wiſhes, and, after ſhe has yawn'd, and ſtretch'd, and ſigh'd away a Month or two, ſhe will begin to ask herſelf, *what other Care* deſerves to fill That *Time*, that hangs, *ſo emptily*, about her; like a *looſen'd Sail*, in want of *Wind* enough to ſwell it into *Motion.* — She will find, in Anſwer of this Queſtion, that there are a thouſand Things to *know*, a thouſand Paths to *tread*, in Every One whereof ſhe may purſue; and overtake, *Adornment, Influence*, and *Empire.*

WHAT is ſtill *more happy*, ſhe will not know it; for *Herſelf* alone — She will tranſmit it to Her *Children*; and Her *Childrens Children:* For, 'tis to *Cuſtom, Habit, Education*, and *Example*, that we owe whatever we *are*, whatever we *think*, whatever we *do*, and whatever we *communicate.*

THERE is nothing leſs *juſt* than the Complaint which is made, by the Ladies, againſt *Man*'s *Inconſtancy:* They *deceive* us, in *Converſe*, as Proſpects do, in *Travelling.*—While we are viewing the Country, at *Diſtance*, we ſee nothing but the *Gay*, and the *Tempting:* —All the *Dirt*, and the *Difficulty*, is reſerv'd, 'till we are in the midſt of it.—

TO return to, and conclude with my Subject, it ſeems *poſſible*, and very *eaſy*, to make a *Law, for Reſtraint of Gaming*, effectual.— It might be done with no more Difficulty, than, by abſolutely forbidding, under the moſt *formidable Penalties*, not CARDING, IN ITSELF, but for Any *Adventure*, of Profit, or Loſs: Any *Money*, or *Stake*, even to the Value of a ſingle *Farthing.*

THIS, removing the CAUSE, *Avarice*, the EFFECT, *Carding*, will, in Conſequence, *ceaſe*, as to Generals; and, yet, the *innocent* Uſe of it remain in the Choice of All People: So that the Clamour of prohibiting the Liberty of *electing our Diverſions* will be groundleſs, and obviated.

To the Author of the Prompter.

SIR,

" MISTAKEN People are apt to ſay, we have " *got nothing* by the UNION: I wou'd have " 'em to know, They are *deceiv'd:* We *have*, long " ſince, *got* SCOTCH VOTES, in great Plenty: We " are *getting* SCOTCH RELIGION as faſt as is *con-* " *venient:* And, what is moſt Extraordinary of the " Three, we have, of late, *got* SCOTCH WEATHER, " to boaſt of.

" WHAT That *is*, if your Readers don't *feel*, " They may *learn*, from the following Inſcription, " which was found (like One you have already " inſerted in the *Prompter*) on a Glaſs Window, in " *That Country*, where, by the way, *Glaſs* Win- " dows, are a Kind of a *Rarity.*

Scotland, *thy* WEATHER's *like a madiſh* WIFE;
Thy Winds *and* Rains *maintain perpetual* Strife:
So, Termagant, *a While, her* Thunder *tries;*
And, when ſhe can no longer ſcold — *ſhe* cries.

Put me into your Paper, and oblige,

Your humble Servant,

OLD ENGLAND.

Erratum in NUMB. LXXIV.

Page 1. Col. 1. l. 25. for *Triumph*, r. *Lumpiſh.*

Printed for T. COOPER, at the *Globe* in *Pater-noſter Row:* Where Letters to the AUTHOR are taken in. And where the former Numbers may be had.

[*Price Two-Pence.*]